THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of truth.

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For the Observer.

REMARKS ON QUARANTINES.

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.

Continued from p. 25.)

It was stated in No. 19, Vol. 1, of this work, p. 301, that, "there is a principle which pervades the whole circle of nature, of which, in contemplating her, we should never loose sight; it is that everyindividual existing is more or less a type of every other, although no two things whatsoever are exactly alike. This is conformable to the opinion of Leibnits in his ingenious work on the human understanding," p. 28. "I behold every thing regulated and adorned beyond what has has been hitherto conceived; organised matter throughout, no void, nothing sterile, or neglected; nothing exactly uniform, all things varied, but with order, and that which surpasses all imagination, the whole of the universe in epitome; but each differing in particular parts, and even every one, in the unity of its substance." Influenced by similar considerations, I suggested in the page above quoted that "there is no difficulty in believing the principles of geniture, nutrition and termination of life to be the same in every inhabitant of the earth, varying with the nature of each individual, and this will perhaps be found equally to extend to the vegetable and animal kingdoms. In the two first, men are generally agreed, so far as the proofs come within the sphere of the organs of sense; the last is still involved in obscurity."

In order to diminish this obscurity, I have taken a cursory view of the causes by which vegetables, insects and some of the larger animals, are devoted to destruction; those that are more nearly connected with man, have claimed more particular attention. They all appear to be subjected to one law, vegetables to be preyed upon by animals, and animals to be appointed as the nourishment, and conservation of each other for the purpose of obviating their several excessive increase: the question that remains to be discussed is, whether man is amenable to the common law.

The more minutely this question is considered, the more cer-

tainly it will perhaps appear that there can be no exemption from it in his favour. It will not perhaps be difficult to demonstrate that an exemption from it would be equally ruinous to his species, as it would inevitably be to every other species, without exception, whether vegetable or animal. The voice of all nature loudly proclaims that he is, in so far as regards his animal structure, a member of the same community, and governed in every instance, by the same regulations, varying no further than every one species varies from another; but that one undeviating principle gives existence, affords nourishment and provides for the removal of whatever exceeds the ordinate proportion.

If these positions are as clear as is alledged, it may be naturally asked, whence it is that man, possessed of so much intelligence, should have been, for so many ages incapable, of applying to himself, what is so conspicuous in every thing by which he is surrounded! The answer is, that man can arrive at no knowledge except through the medium of his senses, and where they fail, he has a strong propensity to doubt, although his capacity for observing similitudes and dis-similitudes, and of his forming inductions from analogies, enables him, in many instances, to penetrate far beyond what the senses can reach. In what regards himself, he has more difficulties to contend with, than in his investigations on any other subject. He has self-love, and natural aversions to distract his mind, and to mislead his judgment. Those things, therefore, which he can clearly see in others, he will not perceive in himself, unless urged upon him, beyond the possibility of resistance. Although he has no doubt that other animals mutually prey upon each other, and in many instances, afford an infant assylum to each other, yet as the lord of all, he cannot be prevailed upon to believe that he is equally subservient to the well being of those he is accustomed to look upon with contempt or disgust.

It is not by considerations of this description, that we shall ever attain the knowledge of which we have long been in search. When we are investigating what more especially belongs to our animal nature, and it is with this alone, that death can have any connexion, we should endeavour to abstract our thoughts from what appertains to our spiritual nature, on which our supremacy over the other animals wholly depend, but to which death can have no relation. This is a destinction to which naturalists, in what concerned the human species, have not given sufficient attention; medical men have, it is probable, never had it in view, to an extent which would lead to any useful knowledge.

It is my aim to solicit the attention of my readers, to the human species as animals, originating in the same way as most others, and possessing properties which are common to every being that breathes.

It is admitted by every naturalist, that a restraint of the excess to which vegetables and insects are liable, is absolutely necessary. The enquiry respecting the larger animals has not been conducted with equal minuteness of investigation, but that this restraint is effected by the agency of a living principle is very generally admitted.

There are two objects which, to the reader who has attentively read my previous remarks, it will evidently appear I aim at establishing, the first that every animal has its concealed or open enemy, to one of which the tribute of life is paid, almost without exception ; the other is, that the concealed enemy can never be cognisable by the senses of the sufferer, nor any of the same species.

The reasons for concealment, it has been alledged, are to provide against the misery inseparable from a knowledge of approaching or present danger. I have given examples of concealment, that are unequivocal, in the lion of the pucerons, an animal very much larger than those they prey upon, but of the danger attendant upon which they are wholly ignorant ; and in the œstrus of the horse, whose noxious qualities are completely hidden from the object of its invasion. If the investigations of naturalists, should be directed to the concealed enemies, they will be found to equally prevail in every species without exception, and that to these is owing, by much the largest portion of the deaths to which all are consigned. It will be found that every species has its lion, in the sense in which that appellation is employed, for designating the great destroyer of the pucerons.

Man has the office of a lion largely assigned to him, as it respects the animals on which he principally feeds. How much is their happiness secured by an incapacity to connect with the hand that so carefully provides them with food, their common destroyer.

It has been alledged that man must be subservient to the common law, as he partakes so largely of the common nature, and that in conformity with this nature, he could not be exempted from it, consistent with a perpetuation of his species coequal with the other inhabitants of this globe. He is equally possessed of the powers of excessive multiplication, and he is seen to be equally liable to premature death, it is believed, from a cause in no other respect varying from that which obtains in others, than is conspicuous in every two objects existing.

The pressure of excessive multiplication on the proportion of food that is provided for man, has been ably discussed by the ingenious Mr. Malthus, in a quarto vol. which he published on population in London, 1803. In page 350, he makes the following statement. " Famine seems to be the last, the most dreadful source of nature. The power of population is so superior to the power of the earth to produce subsistence for man, that unless

arrested by the preventative check, premature death must in some shape or other visit the human race. The vices of mankind are active and able ministers of depopulation. They are the precursors in the great army of destruction, and often finish the dreadful work themselves. But should they fail in this war of extermination, sickly seasons, epidemics, pestilence and plague advance in terrific sway, and sweep off their thousands and tens of thousands. Should success be still incomplete, gigantic inevitable famine stalks in the rear, and with one mighty blow, levels the population with the food of the world." This is a most ingenuous production. There is not a legislator, nor a man engaged in extensive executive functions, who ought not to be possessed of it, who ought not to regulate his conduct, for the public good, according to the precepts it contains. It gives a more correct view of the human animal life, than perhaps any other work that has ever appeared.

With war and with famine, or with the destruction of life by vice, I am not at present concerned; it is disease alone that properly occupies my attention, and this is the constant attendant of all the other means, and proves a not less efficient agent than any of them: it is always ready to fill up whatever chasm is left by the others, or more speedily accomplishes what they have commenced.

As I have suggested that the greatest cause of our destruction is produced by our concealed enemies, and as this is a subject, which as far as my researches have reached, has not yet solicited the public attention, some further illustrations may be useful to a more clear comprehension of the subject.

It has been hinted, that in proportion as we have numerous, potent concealed enemies, we are the concealed enemies of the animals on which we feed. To all is given the sphere of knowledge which is best suited to his condition: that alone is withheld which would prove a curse instead of a blessing. An adequate portion of happiness is bestowed upon all, equally manifest in what is bestowed, and in what is denied. Pope, in his admirable Essay on Man has numerous observations too pertinent to the object I have in view, not to select a few of them, as strikingly corroborative of what I aim at establishing.

"When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
"His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
"When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
"Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
"Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
"His actions, passions, beings, use and end."

"Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
"All but the page prescrib'd, their present state.
"From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
"Or who could suffer being here below?
"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,

" Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
" Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food
" And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
" Oh ! blindness to the future kindly giv'n,
" That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n."

Is there any good reason, I would ask, why the perceptions of man, with respect to the causes of corporeal suffering, should be more acute than those of other animals in a like case ? There are many strong persuasives to their being more completely concealed from him. He is much more ingenious than any other animal, and therefore could devise more effectual means for guarding against the threatened evil. If these should fail, if all his efforts should prove ineffectual, he is endowed with a much higher degree of sensibility, his terrours would therefore enhance his misery ; were he apprised of the approach of, and could comprehend the devices contrived by his enemies to effect his destruction, life would be almost an unceasing scene of torture. How often does it happen that he is assailed by and is suddenly the victim of the cause of death, in the moments of gaiety, when he is surrounded by every thing that can contribute to his enjoyment ? Were this to be as conspicuous in its approach as was the hand on the wall to Belshazzar, must he not experience an equal, an instant reverse of felicity ?

" The bliss of man, could pride that blessing find,
" Is, not to act or think beyond mankind ;
" No powers of body or of soul to share,
" But what his nature and his state can bear,
" Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
" For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
" Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
" T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heav'n ?
" Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er
" To smart and agonise at ev'ry pore ?
" Or quick affluvia darting through the brain,
" Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?

I flatter myself with a hope that the foregoing arguments, if duly considered, will prepare the mind to receive as an irresistible truth, that man, as an animal, is subjected to the same law as every other animal ; that, as his manner of coming into the world, and his support, whilst he remains in it, so much resembles most other inhabitants of the earth in these particulars, that in his destruction, the resemblance is equally correct ; that he has, in common with all others, his concealed and his open enemies, and that his concealed enemies are as much strangers to his senses, as they are to those of every other species of terrestial being.

It may be asked, if the concealment from man of those enemies, the knowledge of whom would be so ruinous to his felicity, is so necessary, whence it comes we should ever be enabled to form any just comprehension of them ? It may be answered, that man partakes of a double nature...by the one, he is

chained to and is at the head of the whole animal race.. by the other he is connected with...perhaps, at the foot of the spiritual system. It is the characteristick of the first, to be limited to his individual sphere, and to have no capacity for attaining a knowledge of what exists beyond that sphere It is the high privilege of the last to take a survey, and often too with considerable accuracy, of a large portion of that chain which descends from himself. The ascending scale, to a very considerable extent, has not been withheld from his successful contemplations. ...By the capacities attached to this part of his nature, he is qualified for investigating the qualities and peculiar œconomy by which most of the other inhabitants of our globe are distinguished, and in tracing these, to arrive at a disclosure of what appertains to his animal nature, but which, were he confined to this nature, must be placed beyond his reach.

It may be asked, what advantage may be hoped for, from such a disclosure, attainable alone by his spiritual powers, if concealment is so necessary to the happiness of man, in what regards his corporal sufferings ? Much every way. As it is alone what strikes the senses that can affect them, the spiritual part more nearly connected with them, will feel only as they feel, and any information obtained, independent of them, can never produce such an effect as would flow from what was within their immediate reach. Where the mind is fully capable of estimating the dangers to which the body is exposed, and of comprehending the design for which the danger was created, then no erroneous judgement will be formed respecting it...no errours will be committed in opposing it, nor the inevitable miseries of the sufferers enhanced by false conclusions respecting the safety of those who are members of the same community. The developement of the plan of providence to the extent in which I view it, will enlighten the minds of all that are concerned with the sick, and greatly improve the means of relief ; but as the event never can be foreseen with any certainty, all the blessings of hope will remain unimpaired.

It may be further observed, that if disease and premature death are indispensably necessary to restrain excessive multiplication, it must be vain to oppose it...the destined course will be pursued, in despight of any means to prevent it. Such must inevitably be the final event...but, as there is a constant tendency to excessive multiplication, there is, also, a like tendency to excessive destruction...and, for this, there is made an adequate provision. One is the correct exercise of our reason in the choice of proper remedies, aided by an instinct which we possess in common with every other animal ; for there is not one, when deprived of health, that is not led by the invisible guide whose presence is unceasing, to the use of means essentially different from common food, and which, to a certain extent, effects the restoration of health. How much, must our advantages be

enhanced, when this instinct is aided by a just view of the nature of the disease, and, when no measures are adopted on false conclusions, or a misguided judgment.

It is impossible to foresee how far the successful management of diseases may be increased, by an improved knowledge of all the phenomina with which they are accompanied. We know that the discovery of inoculation, divested the cause of small-pox of a large portion of its destructive powers, and the inoculation of the kine-pox has rendered it nearly harmless. It may enter into the scheme of providence, at some no distant period, to lessen the fecundity of our species, and as he has given us dominion over the larger animals, to bring the smaller ones also under our subjection. I am well convinced that he never imparts knowledge without design, and if he should vouchsafe to open the undersanding of the human race, and give them a more clear knowledge of what is of so much importance, and which has, until this moment remained unknown, he must have objects in view commensurate with his infinite wisdom and goodness. Further considerations on this subject, particularly those that relate to quarantines, must be deferred to the next number.

J. C.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE CAMELEON.....No. X.

TO THOMAS FICKLE ESQ.

You can't conceive, Mr. Fickle, how much I was pleased at viewing myself in print. I never consulted my glass with so much satisfaction, or thought myself so handsome before, and you know what admiration our sex pay to their own beauty; for so great is our respect for our dear selves, that an hour is a moderate space of time to devote to our mirrors, when preparing to lead in captivity the hearts of the enchanted heroes of fashion, and our *interesting* looks are properly settled as we enter the coteries of belles and beaux.

But why, Mr. Fickle, in your introductory remarks, did you use that obsolete language Latin? My beaux were all so *modest*, as to refuse me a translation, and vowed they had almost forgotten such nonsense since they left school. As modesty is greatly admired at present, in the *tonnish* world, and I profess to be a scrupulous follower of its manners, I did not draw too heavily on their politeness, and sought from others of less modesty, and less stylishness, my desired explanation. However, I was gratified exceedingly at the success with which my letter was received...as in the crowd of entertainments at which I was

present this winter, I observed many who strictly pursued my directions, and some even improved on them. There was a greater display and variety of kicking at Miss——'s than I had ever witnessed before. The gentlemen appeared so *degagêés*, so *indifferent* in their attentions to the ladies, and the ladies were so fatigued and wearied by their exertions in dancing, that they wisely, and in strict observance of my directions, determined to continue for an hour or two longer on the floor. Indeed I remarked generally that there were few transgressions, and those, it is to be hoped, will be avoided in their future progress. I did expect to have received thanks, abundantly for my care of their behaviour...but I suppose they deferred rendering them, until some occasion should offer for repaying the obligation.

I heartily coincide with your opinion expressed in your first number, concerning conversation. Indeed we fashionables are much indebted to our conversative powers, for the empire we possess and sustain. There is Mr. A....., who can maintain a conversation of an hour's length on sheer nonsense, and Miss B. who can entertain a company very agreeably for half an hour, with the latest fashionable bonnets. The entertaining and instructive conversation of our beaux, occupies indeed the chief part of our morning amusement, and such is the fluency of their eloquence, that once commenced, they seldom permit any other person to squeeze in a sentence in an hour. This provokes many charming contests amongst us, for the predominance in loquacity, and though our sex is proverbial for volubility, yet I think we are often surpassed by many of our censurers.

In the morning, the toilet over, we are prepared to receive company, and the pretty fellows flock to spend (as they invariably declare in entering) a minute or two with the ladies. But, thanks to heaven their minutes extend to hours, and we enjoy their delectable conversation, with their charming persons.... Delectable conversation did I say? Superlatively so...to hear their remarks dictated by accurate observation, and embellished with witticisms of their own formation, there cannot be a greater luxury. If fortunately for our gentlemen, the Theatre is open, that theme engages their attention. The dress and gesticulation of the performers. The manner of acting...the beauty or deformity of the piece...the elegance of the scenery ...these are subjects as inexhaustible to our beaux, as the accounts of disastrous wars and rumours of wars, to our newspaper editors, and yields to nothing but scandal. But should, unfortunately for us, the absence of the actors prevent the discussion of this topick, the physician will *anatomize* the character of a friend, and *microscopically* measure the depth of a fault that requires cicatrizing. The merchant, not abashed by the lofty words of his friend, will give an *assortment* of the most tonish phrazes of the latest *importation*. The lawyer gives in *evidence* from the *reports* of ladies of the highest *authority* in the

fashionable circles, the *verification* of his assertions, and the gentleman at large, *splashes* through a sentence to make a *dash* in conversation. To make this more pleasing and instructive, the *cane* is repeatedly struck against their boots...their cravats adjusted within an inch of their eyes...and their whiskers most agreeably stroked, as these motions are vastly delightful to the ladies.

Such are our beaux, and such the rivalry so enchanting to our ears. As to the belles, when any opportunity is given them to declare their sentiments, they will commence a brisk cannonading against the dress, reputation, and aukward behaviour of others, and tear in pieces, without mercy, the whole circle of their dearest friends. In a certain company, where continual hostilities were displayed, I heard two characters murdered... one mutilated...and a fourth providentially escaped by the presence of an advocate for its purity. This was not the only damage sustained on that occasion...Miss ——'s millinery suffered extremely, and the pretty Miss ——, who had made her debut a few evenings before, was condemned as an aukward affected *child*, and decreed unanimously to be unworthy of a single beau. It appeared, however, that she had engrossed the chief part of the dear fellows, who are extremely fond of novelty ; and the spleen of the sisterhood was excited by her presumption in that particular. But I am weary of writing at present—you shall hear from me again.

Yours, &c.

MARY VOLUBLE.

Thomas Fickle presents his compliments to Miss *Voluble*, and is ever ready to receive her communications. He also returns thanks to his kind friend *Eugenio*, for having so ably supported the Cameleon during his absence from town, and requests a continuation of his valuable essays.

V.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Addition to the article of the crimination of the powers of Europe, in the 9th number of the first volume of the Observer, and which should precede the articles on the powers of the north.

VENICE.

The fate of the republic of Venice is sufficiently known.... The republic of France, PATRONESS *of the rights of man*, and of the independence of *all* nations, has made it her prey, like all the other republics of Europe; that of *St. Marin*, perhaps,

alone excepted (1). But instead of heroically falling in defending her liberty, and her existence, she sullied her last moments by the most unparralleled baseness.

The brother of Louis the XVI. that king whose fate should have prompted all the powers to adopt the most energetic measures, *at least from the instinct of their own preservation ;* the pretender, known under the title of Louis the XVIII. had retired to Verona, in the Venetian territory. The directory of France, demanded of Venice to drive him from thence. To avoid a quarrel with France, the proud Venetians servilely sacrificed, as is customary, honour and justice *to what is called prudence !* Louis the XVIII. compelled to conform to this decision of the senate, wrote them the following letter, since forgotten, but which ought not to be omitted in the history of the age, and which was conceived nearly in the following terms :

" I conform myself to the law imposed on me by misfortune " and necessity. But before I quit the states of Venice, I request " you, gentlemen, to send me the golden book, in which my " name is inscribed, in order that I may efface it myself. I de- " sire you also to return me the sword, with which my ances- " tor Henry the IV. presented you, when he made the treaty " with you, which assured to the republic of Venice, his friend- " ship and protection (2)."

Louis the XVIII. was then obliged to leave the Venetian territory. But even at the price of this baseness, Venice could not escape invasion. She, however, was in full armistice, as well as the Austrians, her allies, and sole protectors, after the defeats of Arcola and of Lodi, when suddenly, an absurd insurrection, occasioned a massacre in the military hospitals at Verona, of some hundreds of wounded Frenchmen, who were there prisoners of war.

At the news of this broil, the French grenadiers broke in the gates of Verona with axes...the edition of a print, representing the assassination of these prisoners, was found at *this very moment* dispersed through the army of Italy. They had painted general Pichegru, applauding this massacre, and crying *vive le roi !* and thus represented him to the army as the accomplice of this crime (since so well known to have proceeded from the head-quarters of the French.) Pichegru was, therefore, lost in the opinion of the republican soldier, who took this picture as proof. The army now re-echoed with cries of vengeance, and the soldi-

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(1) The republic of St. Marin, consists of a city, and a population of five or six thousand persons. It is situated near Rimini, in Italy, and near the Adriatic. Every house has a representative, and this national representation, names even the physician and school-master of the state.

(2) The *Golden Book*, is that in which are inscribed the names of the noble families of the states. When any one of these families is extinct, they are replaced by choice, but with the consideration of 100,000 ducats, about 150,000 dollars.

ery, thus duped and rendered fanatic, marched, or rather flew directly upon Venice. Venice, peopled by 150,000 souls, and defended by an army of 40,000 soldiers, prostrated herself to avert the fury of the French, and to receive their chains, rather than be annihilated...however, she has since only served as a compensation, in the various treaties. and is an object entirely passive. (1)

Such is in two words, the history of the miserable end of a powerful republic, which was the oldest in Europe, her origin going as far back as the 5th century, and whose trophies were carried off to decorate at Paris, the gates of the palace of a general, who had installed himself by his own authority, in the place of those kings, whom she had shamefully humbled when unfortunate, in order to avoid his displeasure.

M. A.

(1) Amongst others, 4 magnificent horses of bronze are here alluded to, which the Venetians had saved from the sacking of Constantinople, where Constantine had had them carried from Rome, after they had been bro't from Corinth, by the Roman armies. They at present embellish the great gate of the palace of the Thuilleries, which Buonaparte now inhabits.

For the Observer.

MILITARY.

Authorised by the writer of the military work, the approaching publication of which we have announced, to make from it, in the mean time such extracts as appear to us useful, we think the urgency of present affairs, demandsour commencing immediately, and we hasten to offer to our readers, some specimens of the author's manner. His work is entitled,

"MILITARY CONSIDERATIONS *on the mode of defence best adapted, for the* UNITED STATES, *under its present circumstances,*" with this motto from Euripides,

"Sage counsel is better than a great army."

This work as we have already said, is dedicated to the Congress of the U. States, and it is divided into two parts. In the first, the author considers the means of defence already established proposed ; and he demonstrates their insufficiency in case of war. In the second, he presents his ideas for rendering the resources we possess most efficacious ; and he has made it a point to draw his deductions from principles and facts, upon which general opinion seems uniform.

The author appears to have taken every pains to reconcile in his plan of organization, that which our safety in case of danger requires, with an adherence to the present principles of the constitution, which was a task, not very easily accomplished.... We shall not here enter into further particulars, but let the author himself speak. He says in his introduction,

"As a stranger, I have doubtless long hesitated, before I could resolve on presenting you these reflections; and such has been the state of my mind in this respect, that several of the most respectable of your countrymen well know, I for a long time declined addressing them to you, although they were completely ready for translation; but at length, in order that I may have nothing to reproach myself with, with regard to a country, in which I have found liberty and a safe asylum, I think it my duty no longer to remain silent, and I therefore render you the depositary of my thoughts; you, gentlemen, who are the centinels and safe-guards of your nation.

"And how, without the coldest indifference, could I have repressed my communications to you on a subject, which has formed the perpetual object of my labours during so many years! How could I withhold an opinion which I believe useful, and founded on the most stubborn principles, when I see public opinion wavering and uncertain, on points which admit neither of indecision, *nor loss of time;* when in short, I have an internal conviction that this incertitude would not exist, if this country could have had a nearer view of the events which have passed in Europe for the last *twenty years*, and of the men who have directed them.

"I feel myself happy, then gentleman, in offering to the American nation, the fruits of an experience, purchased with long nights of study, obtained amidst the perils of war, and acquired in the very focus of examples of every nature, and which ages, you know, but rarely produce.

"In hearing the *voice of war*, every where around me, I have turned my attention on the deliberations of publick and individual authorities; I have seen that they appeared to have only rigorous measures in view. But nothing has been determined, and *a length of time more precious than can be conceived*, has been dissipated in vain; whilst you may be engaged with enemies, whose cunning equals their activity, and whose forces are united, organized, experienced, and in action.

"However, *four means* of defence have been proposed to you by your committees and your orators.

"1st. The construction of some vessels of 74 guns.

"2d. That of gun boats;

"3d. Of fortifications;

"4th. Lastly the organization of a militia.

"Brought up from my earliest youth, to the profession of arms, I am unacquainted with dissimulation; and when duty, or justice, my conscience, or candour prompt me to speak, I utter my thoughts without reserve: You will allow me then gentlemen, the honour of explaining my opinion to you confidently and without disguise."

(To be Continued.)

ON SELFISHNESS IN OUR ENJOYMENTS.

An Eastern Tale.

In one of the most beautiful of the luxuriant vales of Persia stood the rural habitation of Usbeck. Woods on one side, and meads on the other, with mountains remotely rising towards the skies, presented all the fullness and richness of oriental beauty. Whatever liberal nature had bestowed, the labours of art had variously diversified and ornamented. The charms of the situation, and the salubrity of the air, drew Usbeck here the chief part of his days.

Among the females who, after the eastern manner, composed his domestick establishment, Zaphira, by the elegance of her person, the sweetness of her demeanour, and the amiableness of her disposition, had long been the first in his regard. As time advanced, his passion seemed progressively to increase, his fondness grew more warm, and his tenderness more anxious.... He was gratified, likewise, to observe the affectionate and equal return he met with from Zaphira, and the unrelaxed and undeviating attention she ever manifested. She bacame the sole possessor of his heart, directed his pleasures and amusements, beautified his house, and arranged his grounds, improving and changing according to the dictates of fancy or caprice. So completely was she the mistress of his heart, that he grew uneasy to be apart from her; he breathed solely for her, and his thoughts were employed wholly upon her pleasure. His only bliss appeared to be, to hang and gaze upon her charms, till, giving a loose to his feelings, they overpassed the limits of moderation, and luxuriated in all the raptures of doating fondness. Years elapsed unperceived in the enjoyment of this extraordinary felicity, and years seemed to be promised filled with not less happiness. But an event was near, which would sour the sweetest moments of life, and change the bright sky of gladness into deep and far-spread gloom.

In one of the most delightfult of the soft and serene evenings of Persia, Usbeck having withdrawn a few moments to his bath, Zaphira wandered negligently among the mazes of the garden. She, at length, unknowingly found herself at the stream which flowed at the foot. One of the pleasure-boats lay by the margin, and she ordered the chief Eunuch who followed her, to row her gently along the stream. The water had been artificially extended under her own direction, and spread only before the garden, swelling from a small entangled brook on one side, and on the other falling down a slope into a subterraneous passage.

While the boat moved slowly from one end of the stream to the other, Usbeck had come from his bath, and momentarily expected his fair one. As she did not appear, he went forth into the garden, and sought her on every side; he reached the water, but no where was Zaphira to be seen. His alarm was now

awakened, and the domesticks were summoned and dispersed around in search : but all their exertions were in vain. His anxiety increased, and he became restless, distracted, and raving. His servants were then sent over the woods, the valleys, or whereever his thoughts suggested a likelihood of her having wandered or lost herself.

The evening far advanced, and he received no tidin gs of her. His mind laboured to form conjectures for her absence. Had she wandered, she had been found long ere this ; and had she an intention of escape, which his wishes and her uniform affection would not permit him to believe, the extensive forest on the one side, and the immense plain on the other, presented unconquerable barriers, especially to a delicate female, and a still feebler old servant. The whole night and the next day, only augmented his perplexity and torment. No intelligence reached him of Zaphira, and his wild and distracted grief sunk into despondence and heavy dejection. Whatever his mind, ever employed upon the subject, could suggest, had been tried. His days passed in gloom, and his nights in inquietude. All intercourse with human kind was shunned and hated : his women were dismissed, and his servants sent over the country in the fruitless search ; and he became a solitary and miserable inmate of a residence decorated with whatever his ample wealth, and the arts and productions of the East could supply.

Thus he remained till the hope of learning of Zaphira was almost withdrawn from his breast. Sometimes lamenting in restless uneasiness, sometimes falling into sullen insensibility, he at last, in a moment of great calmness and reflection, recollected the time he had wasted in idle sorrow, and reproaching himself for his inactivity, he resolved himself to search for Zaphira.... His servants had explored too well the immediate neighbourhood, and it was too poor a sphere to be thought of by one like him grown at once desperate and enterprising. He joined the caravans, and travelled into most of the countries at the extremities of the East. He seemed to have no fixed object, and was now returning towards his native country, and had reached the borders of Arabia. He experienced little diminution of his melancholy from the years he passed in travel, and now a more than usual dejection oppressed his spirits. In setting out on a journey, a glimpse of hope, however faint, would give some life to his form ; but when he drew nearer to Persia, his sorrows seemed to awaken, and his wounded mind bled afresh.

The caravan was passing at its uniform regular pace, when a band of those Arabs who subsist by spoil, and who are more particularly numerous on the confines of the country, appeared early one morning. It was strong and formidable, and the caravan began to prepare for its defence. Usbeck was aroused at the emergence, and very actively exerted himself. Moved by the native intrepidity of his soul, and with a superiority naturally contracted by a person of his rank, he took upon himself the di-

rection of the preparation. The judgement displayed in his arrangements, and the decision of his conduct, at once inspired confidence and secured obedience. The Arabs were met on their onset; and, unaccustomed to such a reception, were quickly repelled. The second time proved alike unsuccessful. With a view to deter them, and elated with his power, Usbeck exhorted his companions to pursue, and led the way. They had almost lost sight of the caravan, and were so intent on the chase, they did not perceive a troop of Arabs, totally distinct from the first, who rapidly approached them. Unused to these attacks, the greater part flew towards the caravan; and Usbeck with a few others, fell into the hands of the banditti.

By this time the caravan was entirely out of view, and those who had fled that way did not appear to the Arabs worth pursuing, particularly as their band was small; but Usbeck, and those for whose release they could expect a ransom were carried off. Before the close of the day they reached the camp. Here what was the joy and amazement of Usbeck to perceive Zaphira !... She was in the habit of a menial, and on the first sight of Usbeck sprung to him. Their alternate doubts and assurances at length gave way to rapturous joy and confidence. It was some time before they had sufficient coolness to think of the means by which they found each other in a place so little to be expected... Zaphira at length told the particulars of her story. She was sailing on the water with the Eunuch, and he was turning the boat at the usual bound of their progress, near the opposite margin, when two men issuing from the wood sprung into the water. The feeble Eunuch was quickly overpowered; and she was placed on the land, notwithstanding her cries. What became of him she knew not, whether they had murdered him, or he had wandered from the death, that he knew would soon follow. She was placed on horseback, and, attended by the men, was far from the wood in a very short time. What parts they traversed, she scarcely knew, so distracted was she with her situation and the speed of her flight. Two days had elapsed, and their intention was still unknown, when they were surrounded, and she was brought hither by the Arabs. "My story," said she, "is not very eventful, though the time has been long and my mind has experienced much sorrow. At first I was treated with distinction; but time passed, and no hopes of release appeared, and more humble offices were appointed me. Yet, if not always treated with distinction, I have ever been treated with honour. I have numberless times sent messengers to inform you where I was; but, alas! you were lost to your friends, you sought me."

It was not long before a sufficient consideration was procured for their freedom, and they again experienced happiness in Persia. The remembrance of their vicissitudes, lent a zest to their enjoyments. In his travels, Usbeck had noticed the necessary and close dependence of men upon each other for the wants of

life; he became more clearly convinced of the aid which every man receives from his fellow-creatures, and of his own subjection to his subordinates in life for the necessaries of existence. He began to experience new sources of pleasure in the interest which he took in the welfare of his retainers and dependents. His mind was enlarged, and he became popular, was placed in the administration of the province, and diffused blessings around, when formerly he had only lived for himself.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

July 25, 1741, died at the age of 91 years, *Thomas A. Kempis*, a learned canon, generally considered the author of a curious work, which has been translated into all languages, under the title of *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, but which some learned persons have attributed to Jean de Gersen.

SELECTED POETRY.

A MAROON SONG.

Haste, haste, my companions! the night dews are o'er,
From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows are flown;
The bright morning-star calls to the chase of the boar,
And the rocks secret echoes are waiting his groan.

O'er the deep-tang'ed thicket our toils shall prevail,
In vain to the steep-cliff the savage shall run;
Where the cocoa waves gay to the balm-scented gale;
And the aloe expands its tall spires to the sun.

Ye spirits, that triumph'd in death o'er your foe;
But left the dark sons of your race to complain;
Ye that bade, in your anguish, the heirs of your woe,
Be the heirs of your hatred, the chiefs of disdain;

If ye sail in your pride on the sun's slanting beam,
If ye robe your stern shades in the mist's fleeting form;
Or, if rather ye joy in the lightning's fierce gleam,
And stride on the whirlwind, and trample the storm:

O come on your clouds, o'er the wide-rolling wave,
To the hills of our freedom in triumph repair;
For the blue-mantled mountains are trod by the brave,
And the dark-dwelling sons of defiance are there.

Hark! the horn's swelling tones call to danger away,
And when the stern course of our pleasure is past;
Though the whirlwinds of heav'n awake around us their sway,
We will heed not the tempest, and sing to the blast.

Haste, haste, my companions! the night dews are o'er;
From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows are flown;
The bright morning-star calls to the chase of the boar,
And the rock's secret echoes are waiting his groan.